THE

Olive Branch,

Or the Miraculous

RESTAURATION

OF

PEACE,

BOTH TO

CHURCH & STATE

IN GREAT

BRITAIN and *IRELAND*, *May* 29. 1660.

Written by JOHN CONSET, D. in *Physick*

Psalm 46. 8. *Come and behold the works of the Lord*

Verse 9. *He maketh Wars to cease*, &c.

Psalm 77. 14. *Thou art the God that dost wonders* [illegible] *hast declared thy power among the people.*

Psalm 145. 4. *One Generation shall praise thy works unto* [illegible] *and shall declare thy power.*

Verse 5. *As for me, I will be talking of thy Worship, thy* [illegible] *Praise, thy wondrous works.*

London, Printed by T. R. for the Author; *A. D.* 16[illegible]

1. HEre first unto your view I do present,
The *Olive Branch*, and *Dove* so innocent.

2. Next, See our *Rising Sun* serenes our skie,
Cheers Church and State, and makes the clouds to fly.

3. Third is an Angel, Peace to all proclaming,

4. And Union of dissenting Parties gaining.

5. Fifth is the pious man, who under's vine,
Invokes our God to end our woes in fine.

6. Sixth are those Emblems of Tranquillity,
Now in repute for fields of fertility.

7. Seventh are those Warlike Tools now laid to rust;
Or turn to putrefaction and to dust.

8. Eight is our ship, which almost sunk in th' flood
Of blood and tears: had lost her guide so good;
Her Rudder, Anchor, *Masts*, and Sayl-cloaths too;
The flood abating, 'gins to shew her prow.

9. The ninth is she mounted on th' curling flood
With Tacklings furnisht, and a Pilot good.

10. The tenth is he who did our mischief make,
And now to flight he doth himself betake
Under a cloud he marcheth, and with hand
Stained with blood, smites the light to withstand.

11. Leventh is our Church cheer'd with those gracious raies.

12. Twelfth is our State now hoping glorious dayes:

Last, Clouds of errours which rebellions raise.


The
OLIVE BRANCH
Δοξά τῶ Θεῶ
ἡμῶν Κ῾ τῶ
ἀρνίῳ


BIBLIOTECA

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Or the Miraculous

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Written by JOHN CONSET, D. in *Phyſic*

Pſalm 46. 8. *Come and behold the works of the Lord*
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Verſe 5. *As for me, I will be talking of thy Worſhip, thy . . . Praiſe, thy wondrous works.*

London, Printed by T. R. for . . . , *A.D.* 16..

ILLUSTRISSIMIS

DUCIBUS,

Marchionibus, Comitibus, Vicecomitibus, Dominis, Baronibus, Archiepiscopis, Episcopis & Reliquis primi ordinis Filiis Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ legitimis, Judicibus, etiam venerandis.

NEC NON

Celeberrimo Domino Aldermano Majori Civitatis *Londinensis*, & præclaris ejus fratribus: Nec non venerabilis Consilii communis Membris, & Reliquis hujus inclytæ Civitatis, Rectoribus & præfectis.

Qui fæiici huic Restaurationi Conamine, Consilio aut facultate quidpiam contribuere,

Johannes Consetius, S. P. D.

VIri amplissimi & pluribus a me nominibus celebrandi, haud obsecro petulantiæ, aut audaciæ nimiæ me reum autumetis, qui (Regius etiamsi

amli Martyr constans & fidelis) inter millia tamen litteratorum in *Anglia* minimus : Oratione hac (rudi minerva concinnata) amplitudinem vestram molestare audeam ;

Quod enim expressione, aut splendida orationis efflorescentia deest, affectione & erga vos benevolentia suppletur.

Et Palma aut Lauro (quæ rite meruistis) etiamsi destituar ; Racemum saltem Olivæ, quem offerendum habeo, ut candide accipiatis, obsecro.

Quo ut insigni dignitatis vestræ (aliud siquidem non adsit) utamini, quæso, & geratis, Palmam donec in æternum duraturam (fideles & constantes Deo & Regi perseverantes) a manu summi nostri Creatoris clementissimi nacti fueritis.

Ad Sat. Vos etenim primi ordinis Magnates, Proceres & Satrapæ, Exemplo, Conatu, Consilio, Authoritate, & facultatum remanentiis, Restaurationem hancce plurimum provexistis, & patienter interea Tyranni & Turmæ ejus sceleratæ contemptum & ludibria multi etiam e vobis exilium & facultatum amissionem sustinuistis:

Qua afflictionis politura Micantes, ut stellæ in orbe nostro Albionensi scintillatis, dummodo spurii & degeneres (ne stirpem honoris : cui implantati quondam fuerint) carie consumerent) excinduntur.

Ad Sen. Vos (Senatores inclytissimi) Authoritate vestra & in regione (unde præeminentia selecti fueritis) respectu & amore, prudentia, cura & vigilantia, moderatione & consilio sanativo & instaurante, quod per

per affectionem erga Regem noſtrum celeberrimum, & hujus inſulæ populum exhibuiſtis, plurimum ſane in haccc reſtauratione procuranda valuiſtis.

Vos (Eccleſiæ filii merito digniſſimi) conſtantia veſtra, patientia inconcuſſa, & immota fidelitate erga Deum & Regem (qua varios fortunæ caſus animo tranquillo, immoto & intrepido vos ſuſtinere ſuaſerit) ora inimicorum late patentia obturaſtis; eorumdem levitatem conviciſts & converſioni eorumdum (precibus, & conſtantia veſtra) multum proculdubio contribuiſtis, & quod maximum erat lucernam noſtram ab extinctione præſervaſtis. *Ad Ec.*

Vos (Judices merito conſtituti) Iniquæ legum ſubverſioni aſſenſum veſtrum denegando, legem noſtram intemeratam conſervaſtis, & conſtantia veſtra qua Tyranni fremitus, incarcerationem, exilium & facultatum ſpoliationem ſubiviſtis, ad reſtaurationem hancce promovendum multum valuiſtis. *Ad Legum & Judices*

Vos (Civitatis hujus Almæ rectores & præfecti percelebres) Authoritate (apud populum) veſtra, conſiliis, opulentia, & conamine veſtro (ad reſtaurationem hancce provehendam) utentes, a Tyrannide, & oppreſſione nupera (Deo adjuvante) nos æque ac voſmet liberare plurimum adjuvaſtis. *Ad civitatis præfectos Lond.*

Quamobrem, ſicuti Deo imprimis, pro vobis omnibus, dignitatis & ordinis uniſcujuſque ſupra enumerati, qui in hoc opere prægrandi co-operati eſtis, & pro veſtra dignitate & præſtantia (hac ratione expreſſa) gratias agere debemus; ita & vo-

bis qui Deo noſtro clementiſſimo, Regique noſtro celeberrimo Miniſterium, tam gratum & fidele præſtiteritis populoque pacem & ſalutem procuraſtis, grates perſolvere dignis perpetuo devincimur, qui Reſtaurationis hujus beneficia, tot, tanta, & tam grata accepimus.

Quorum pars ego minima ut gratitudinis teſtimonium non uni ſolummodo, duobus aut tribus, ſed unicuique qui in hoc reſtaurandi opere, præclare ſe geſſiſſe audiverim (ne quiſpiam ſe ſuumque conatum hoc in opere percelebri negligi autumaret? Racemum hunc humilime commendo.

Quæ commendatio (inſcribendi ratione) facta tot, tantisque viris, inſolita & inſueta cum ſit, inſuetæ & miraculoſæ hujus occaſionis apologiam poſtulat, quæ ſane quum pro ſe oratoria quadam ſilenti loquatur, & miraculoſam ſui productionem oſtendat, facile a quopiam bono & candido hoc in opere actore veniam impetrabit.

Servo veſtro humillimo,

Johanni Conſetio.

In-

INCLYTISSIMIS

Illuſtrium Chriſtianorum Regum, Principum & Ordinum

LEGATIS

Ad Regis noſtri ſereniſſimi

RESTAURATIONEM

Congratulandum, rite deſignatis,

Johannes Conſetius, S.P.D.

HAud mirum aut ingratum vobis videatur (Viri ſereniſſimi) quod ego inter Regis noſtri celeberrimi Myriades minimus amplitudinique veſtræ ignotus, hocce gratitudinis meæ teſtimonium dignitati veſtræ humillime commendem.

Si etenim Insulæ hujus Incolarum pars sileret rationalis, pars certo Bruta nos redargueret, quæ Principum vestrorum percelebrium adjutamine, mediatione & patrocinio fælicitatem isthanc qua fruitur attinuerit.

Nulla namque jam jam eandem terret militum insolentia: Nulla Sicariorum istiusmodi eandem a pascendo deterret violentia.

Nec quisqam a præsepi (sibi noto) divellit militum insultus. Ea vero si sileret, (Oratoria quadam silenti) pars racemata vegetans Animalia reprehenderet.

Hac enim tranquillitate freta, caput suum (fronde comatum) tuto levat, imo libere ad vos salutandum minimo spirante flatu declinat.

Nullus etenim Axis ignotæ timor ad Munitiones erigendum, aut alienos & sanguinolentos ditandum, aut avaros explendum eandem exarescere causatur.

Quamobrem (viri vere digni) post tot quibus inhumaniter admodum mactati sumus subditi fideles lanienas.

Post tot quibus misere nos sudavimus miseri labores & anxietates.

Post tot quibus discruciati fuimus miserias.

Post tot quos perpessi sumus luctus & dolores, & qui aures nostras indies feriebant, ejulatus.

Post tot (inquam) mortalis nostri status infortunia.

Gratus admodum est vester hic adventus.

Æque ac post Tenebras lux clarissima.

Post Noctem caliginosam & tristificam, Dies lætifica.

Post

Post Tempestatem Tranquillitas: Post Diluvium, Olivæ Racemus.

Rex enim noster sereniſſimus Radios a Cœlo demiſſos noſmet (contriſtatos admodum) lætificantes & pacem nobis promittentes, ſecum advexit.

Veſtraque celſitudo Racemum eandem ratam nobis facientem & confirmantem vobiſcum huc adduxit.

Quibus rite penſitatis, num pars ad hæc adeo ſtupeſcet rationalis, ut alto fælicitatem ſuam ſilentio ſepelierit?

Abſit, procul abſit tanta a nobis ingratitudo.

A nobis, inquam, qui Principum veſtri patrocinio juvamine, & candore, Regem talem, tot virtutibus, tanta ſapientia, totque divinæ Naturæ, ſcintillis, clariſſime Micantem, conſervatum & nobis reſtauratum obtinuimus.

Cujus in articulo temporis gratus huc adventus a ruina, perditione, & profligatione Eccleſiam: A miſera nec non ſervitute ſtatum conſervavit.

Domus enim iſthæc quæ Juſtitiæ quondam adminiſtrationi & gubernationi prudenti deſignata fuit. Cædi, Tunc & crudelitati, oppreſsioni, Tyrannidi, & Injuſtitiæ (me miſerum!) a ſcelerata iſthac (quæ tunc regnabat) Turma, erat addicata. Templa quæ ſanctis quondam, & ſuavi hymnorum concentu clarverunt. Sicariis jam & Equorum hinnitu, aut verbis Mercatorum ſubdolis (hinc inde volitantibus) reſonarunt. Simplex hæc aſſeram? ah! miſera erat Converſio.

A qua ſiquidem Dei favore in Principum veſtrorum

&

in veſtro clareſcente Miſelli nos jam ſumus liberati.

Quid impedit? etiam quid non mandat? Quin gratum iſthunc (quo ſcaturimus) animum grato quodam gratiarum effluvio impregnatu, hac ratione eventemus? Quod ut Æqui bonique faciant Principes veſtri & veſtra Claritudo ſupplex implorat.

Londini, Sept. 18. 1660.

Servus veſter
Humillimus,

Johannes Conſetius.

THE

THE EPISTLE TO THE READER.

Courteous Reader,

FOR ſo I hope I ſhall find you, having been a deep ſharer in the ſad ſufferings of theſe late diſtreſſing Times.

And ſeeing how every day we more and more ſwarved from that native worth and luſtre, and that comely Fabrick of Government we in my ſtripling years enjoyed, (by Gods favour and bleſſing) both in Church and State. And

And that through the growing Diſtempers of a declining Aage, we ſtill grew worſe and worſe, ſo that at length, we could expect nothing, but a Chaos, or an indigeſted heap of Notions, fluttering abroad from each fantastique brain, promiſing great things, but vaniſhing into nothing, or elſe further implunging us into Confuſion and Diſorder.

In zeal therefore to Gods Glory then clouded, his Church then waſted, the King and *Royal Family* diſſipated, like Harts that found no paſture. The Nobility and Gentry, ſome baniſhed, others waſted; All ore clouded.

The Commons, all (which were not Actors in this ſad Tragedy) diſcouraged, and ſitting down in the valleys of diſcomfort and ſadneſs, whilſt the Waters of *Marah* with proud and ſwelling ſtreams, were like to overflow anddrown them.

In this ſad plight, I (amongſt others of my Fellow-ſufferers) ſent up my dayly Orizons, aud bitter Complaints unto the

Throne

Throne of Heaven, beſeeching the Almighty that he would once at length remove his ſcourging rod, and compleat the ſad ſtory of our Afflictions: and work our *Reſtauration* both in Church and State, in Peace and Tranquillity, by what means to his Wiſdome ſhould ſeem beſt; but that he would not ſuffer the noiſe and Terrours of War to be heard amongſt us any more, which often repeated prayer, when I ſaw ſo fully anſwered, that thoſe who had trampled under foot, and ſpurned at the Kings Honour and Authority, did now in Triumph bare headed carry his colours in ſign of honour, and that without the mediation of the leaſt noiſe or terrour of War, or the ſhedding of one drop of blood.

I was therewith ſo affected, that I thought it would be great impiety and high ingratitude towards God in brutiſh ſilence, to paſs over ſo great favour, wherefore I could not reſt, untill I vented my ſurcharged thoughts in theſe ejaculations, which this enſuing Treatiſe and Poem doth preſent.

Wherein I have not ſlighted Precedents of elder Times, ſome writ in other language, ſome in our own, but have reduced the little help they gave, and as much as in them was pertinent, (and in my own lines and language applyed) to this preſent occaſion, what wanted, the divine Direction (from which I own the little good I do) was pleaſed graciouſly to ſupply.

Now ſith (as hereby you may diſcern) there have been many Actors, in and Contributers to this happy work of our Reſtauration, by the ſucceſs of whoſe good endeavours, I partake of the benefit of Peace and happineſs, which all true Subjects do enjoy in the regaining of freedome, both to our Law and Goſpel, and each of them have merited from me, being by an inſenſible hand directed to write on this occaſion an expreſs of gratitude, I am much ſtraitned in point of my Demeanour towards them; My gratitude perſwades me, that I ought particularly to preſent theſe *Effluviums* of my thankfull ſoul to each of them (if poſ-

ſible)

ſible) that ſo I may not ſeem to diſown the real endeavours of any of them in this happy work. But fear of carping Momes would diſſwade, leaſt I ſhould ſeem therein rather to ſeek my own advantage, than ſhew my gratitude.

But ſith it is the worſt part of men that badly conſtrue good intentions, but the better part will accept it with that mind and conſtruction wherewith I offer it, rather than not pay theſe happy inſtruments their due deſerved honour, *I* will caſt my ſelf upon the charitable cenſure of the good, not fearing the uncharitable conſtructions of the wicked.

Now in this *Treatiſe*, for what I have done well, I give God the Glory, but what I have done weakly and ſlenderly, I caſt upon the ſcore of my own imperfections, which *I* beſeech you cover with the mantle of candour and æquanimity, that ſo your candid carriage towards me, may be an encouragement to my further actings for the common good of you and yours, who wiſh no greater

 happineſs,

happineſs, than to be reckoned in the number of thoſe, who cordially deſire and labor for the good both of the King the Church, and people of theſe Nations; and deſires, whilſt he is numbred amongſt the living, to be encouraged ever to remain

BEVERLEY,
Junii 24. 1660.

Yours in the Lord,
To ſerve you

JOHN CONSET.

THE

THE METHOD IS THIS.

1. *After Imploration of the divine assistance, you have the Narrative of Gods work in this Restauration* page 1, 2, &c.

2. *You have that part which concerns our Soveraign, though not so fully as I would and should, because mine information did not fully furnish me* p10, 11, 12

3. *That which relates to the Parliament in this great work* p13, 14

4. That

4. *That part which concerns the Duke of* Albemarle *his Majesties General* p 14, 15,16
5. *That part which concerns the Noble exiles* p 16
6. *That which concerns the Orthodox, faithfull and loyal Clergy* p 17
7. *A word to the Gentry and Commons* p 17
8. *The City of* London p. 17,18,19,20
9. *The Citizens that were bountifull to the distressed Clergy* 28
10 *Those that expressed their loyalty in their Golden Tokens to his Majesty* 20
11. *That which concerns the Christian Princes in this work of our Restauration* p 21. 22
12. *A word to the Angels to exalt Gods Praises* p 23,24
13. *A word to the distressed spouse of Christ, the Church* p. 25,26,27
14. *An Exhortation to Union* p 27, 28, 29,30,31,32,33
15 *A short Ejaculation for the continuance of it* p 33

16. *An*

16 *An Hymn of Praise* p 35,36
17 *A Prayer used upon the* 30 *of* January *ever since the unhappy Murther of his Majesty* 37,38,39
18 *A Magnificat upon the Returns of the several petitions of that Prayer, and several other put up both for the* King *and people* 40,41,&c.
19 *A Prayer concluding for both* p 44 45
20 *A Narrative of his Majesties joyful Reception here, which if you read first, it will shew the occasion of the Treatise, and the grounds exciting me thereto, and inviting your Gratitude for so great a change of hearts wrought by the Almighty.* p 47,48,&c

THE

THE MIRACULOUS

RESTAURATION

OF

ENGLANDS Church and State:

By *John Conſet*, D. in *Phyſick*.

ASſiſt great God who only canſt
Our ſpirits guide,
Leſt that we ſlide
By our own ignorance
Into the paths of Errour and Neglect:
The wayes of Truth and Vertue, O direct
My infant Muſe, by heaven-born aid that I,
May in theſe Layes thy goodneſs magnifie.

II.

Not long it is ſince the ſad vail of night

Cloathed this land
Which now doth ſtand
Like hill moſt bright,

When on its head *Aurora*'s darting rayes,
From the bright Charioteer new light diſplayes,
And cheers the winged people of the air,
Late ſadded with a night of dreary care.

III.

For now the riſing Sun adorns our land

Serenes our ſky
Makes clouds to fly,
And with an hand

Of prudence mixt with mercy, doth ore rule
Bold *Titans*; ſons of tumult puts to foil,
Whilſt that the Son of Peace (and that juſt One,
Late made their bleeding prey) now cometh on.

IV. See

IV.

See how the Olive, Dove, and branch presage

Th' abating flood
Of tears and blood
And golden age,

Unto our land predicts, that *Janus* may
Lockup his gates, and faith and justice sway,
Whilst the fair Daughter of th' Omnipotent,
The heaven-born Peace, is from th' Eternal sent.

V.

All hail dear Peace, which us all heal dost bring,

Which from confusion
In conclusion
Makes to spring

Bright rayes of Order, Law, Religious lore,
Arts, Vertues, Honour, and the radiant glore
Of the immortal, whose sole hand hath wrought,
This work of wonder, passing humane thought.

VI.

Britain come forth from thy dark cell of moan,

Wars, unkind Quarrels
Turn to Laurels;
Make thy cell a Throne;

Let *Ceres* haunt thy Plains, *Dian* thy Groves,
Pomone thy Gardens, *Pan* thy feeding Droves,
Whilſt *Roads* are ſcour'd, and gates are open ſet,
Magiſtrates rule, and reverence do get.

VII.

O Chriſtian Kingdome, thou waſt near ſo near

In Civil War
Drown'd as this Star
Which did appear,

Paſt calming in our thoughts whilſt all the(a)winds
Againſt each other arm'd, 'gainſt thee were friends,
Whilſt thy ſhip toſſed here and there, did lack
An Helm; Thy ſelf an (b) heart to ſave thy wrack.

(a) Several Sects againſt each other, and all againſt the Church of *England*.

(b) Being continually beaten whileſt we laboured to ſhake off the yoake

VIII.

VIII.

But he who from His Throne thy ſorrows ſaw,

From Heaven ſent
A Parliament
To purge our Law,

Late mudded with[c] obtruſions, and ore-ſwai'd
With Iron [d]Terrours; but by them's convaid
Freedome and Peace, leſs hoped than deſired;
O heavenly bounty, never enough admired!

(c) By erecting ſeveral Courts never heard of before.
(d) Being overruled by the ſword.

IX.

Who would have thought that from ſo ſad confuſion,

Order ſhould ſpring,
And with it bring
So friendly a concluſion

'Twixt emulous parties? who would think ſo ſweet
A calm from ſuch rough ſtorms ſhould ever meet
Our wearied Barge, or from a thrall ſo late,
Such freedome could befall ſo rent a State?

X.

The wondrous working by ſucceſſion ſtrange

Of our Great Maſter
Who each diſaſter
To effect this change,

Hath thus diſpoſed, doth amaze the wit
Of the moſt ſubtil who conſider it.
Th' effect we ſee, the cauſe he only knows,
Who kindgomes changes, 'cauſe the ſame he owes.

XI.

'Tis he who in the midſt of broils, ſends peace,

And from miſchief
Sends us relief,
Making wars to ceaſe.

But this his glorious name doth moſt extol,
That when it ſeem'd nought could our woes control,
And they ſeem'd cureleſs, he did ſuccour ſend,
Reliev'd our ſorrows, brought our woes to end.

XII

XII.

Some thought ('cauſe violent) 't would not long en-
(dure
For of themſelves,
Rebellious Elves
Will fall full ſure;

Sith that juſt right can never be diſplac't,
But lawfull Princes conquer firſt or laſt:
Others (ſith things go contrary to their ſenſe)
No further ſeek, but admire th' Omnipotence,

XIII.

Of God, his Wildome deep, his Mercy dear,

Whereby our foes,
He far out-goes,
And makes his power ap-
(*pear,*
Upon our Lord and King, whilſt without bow
Or ſword, he makes both knees and hearts to bow.
His prudence ſhines, when to unite us thus,
In every eye he makes him gracious.

XIV.

XIV.

This was no action wrought by humane race,

But him alone,
Who from his Throne
Thus wrought our peace.

For some unwares, their Countries good procur'd,
Others our-worn with troubles they endur'd,
Others with Justice mov'd, with love some other
Did seek these flaming broils how they might smo-
(ther.

XV.

Thus, what ere drift they Inlie ruminate,

God in his love
Did still improve
To this our tattered State

To render peace; thus making man a wheel,
Whilst he's the Mover, making us to feel,
What good we have doth primely from him spring:
What ills our own, and with us it we bring.

XVI.

XVI.

If God with thunder threat us as a Judge,

Yet as a Father
Clouds to gather,
He doth not grudge

With rain to moiſten and refreſh, that we,
Seeing his goodneſs, may converted be:
For out of ill he maketh good to ſpring:
Rigour with Mercies mild attempering.

XVII.

Britain with Monſters various ſurcuidred,

Them to ſuppreſs
With good ſucceſs,
Much force did need,

Elſe it an Africk Wilderneſs had been,
Yet that to effect no force therein was ſeen,
But Gods alone, and in this reſtauration,
Our gain exceeds our loſs in deſolation.

XVIII.

De Rege. But if I ſing good *Charles* his noble praiſe,

Whom God reſerved,
For us preſerved,
Our ruines for to raiſe;

Some may well blame my over-daring pen,
And if ore-ſlipt ſome mine oblivion;
How ere my Muſe (though low) is humbly bold,
His worth (though in too low a ſtile) t' unfold:
For well I know this Theam a Conſort wants
Of all the Muſes and Muſicks practicants.

XIX.

A noble Spirit to vertue wholly preſt,

Apt to all good,
No ill doth brood,
But what is ever beſt,

Quick to conceive, a tongue tun'd to his thought,
A noble mildneſs in his ſoul is wrought,
Which (though to all appears, yet) can find out
What others covertly would bring about.

XX.

XX.

His front repleat with humble Majesty,

His grave sweet aspect
Intreats respect
From us commandingly.

And in one instant breeds both fear and love,
As these experience who his grace do prove,
Others have conquer'd heads, and arms, but he,
Of hearts may glory Conqueror to be.

XXI.

Pardon my Soveraign, if heaven's hand erect,

Your worth above,
What either love,
Or duty can direct

Mine humble Muse unto; flagg'd with affliction;
And how ere zealous, pull'd back with dejection.
Pardon, great King, if my verse void of worth,
Numbring your Vertues, lowly set them forth.

XXII.

And ſith as well by Conqueſt as ſucceſſion.

Britain's your own,
And you the Crown;
Have taken in poſſeſsion;

O may you ever happie keep the ſame
With ſoul-content, and honour to your Name,
Which, firſt, by ſetling th' heavenlie Diſcipline,
Will glorie gain, and God with you combine.

XXIII.

Next humane Laws, reſtraining all abuſe;

Your Princely wealth,
And Peoples health,
To joyne, never refuſe:

For Princes ſafety lies in peoples love,
Their Fort is Juſtice coming from above;
Without the which no fortreſs can avail,
But yield it will, if enemies aſſail.
By loving them, the Subjects love is won,
And loyal Fealties gain'd by Juſtice done.

XXIV.

XXIV.

You grave Aſſembly of ſage Senators,

Who for the State,
In Juſtice-gate,
Of Sword are Arbiters.

The Parl.

Repreſs all Mutinies which may diſturb our peace,
That from henceforth their Injuries may ceaſe,
A breach's beſt mended while the tide is low,
Before the ſtream with violence do flow.

XXV.

You have to deal with *Proteus* Progeny,

To turning Subject,
And each Object
Apt to magnifie.

Tinder to th' rage of each inteſtine fire,
Repleat with various humours and deſire.
Theſe are your Charge, Sirs, whoſe unſtable paſſion,
Your ſtable prudence muſt bring into faſhion.

XXVI.

XXVI.

Let not great, *Sirs*, that black *Erynnis* band

From your confusion
In conclusion,
This late spoiled land

Draw into civil flames again, and then,
To Cynders turn it, nere to b' enliv'd again.
No; let your harmony their hopes deceive,
Who you and us would of our hap bereave;
That you and we in sacred Layes may sing,
Praises for this great work to heavens King.

XXVII.

L. *Monck.* And you brave Martialist of happy birth,

Shining in steel
For Englands *weal*
Throughout the earth,

Shall famous be for Fealty to your King:
Your shoulders shoard up *England* like to fall,
You were her *Atlas* whilst her General.
And but for you, her shock had shaken been,
Which now stands stedfast on a peace serene.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

What wreath is worthy to become your brow,

What can ſet forth
Your matchleſs worth,
What marble now

Can your renown recount which hath reviv'd
Our dying Leopards, and hath re-enliv'd
Our Lyon and the Unicorn ſo late,
Uncac'd, to wear the breeches of the State.

XXIX.

What honourable Title of Addition

Do you deſerve,
Who made to ſerve
(To ſave from ſad per-
(dition

This ſhip of ours nigh loſt by civil Warres)
Your mildneſs joyn'd with might in midſt of Jars,
So that what others by loſt blood have wrought,
God by your hand unſtain'd, to paſs hath brought.

XXX.

XXX.

As *Englands* Patron we *St. George* admire,

'Cauſe with much proweſs
His Countrey foes
(Who did aſpire

The ſame to ruine) he did fiercely quell,
But you (our modern *George*) his feats excel,
(*Sanz* blood the ſame effecting) your deſert
Earth cannot pay; that debt is heavens part.

XXXI.

The Exiles. You faithfull exile, who have born the ſhock

Of wars and wo,
And ſtraitneſs too,
Your faith upon that rock

(Which only could ſupport it) having fixt,
Let it appear with good works wholly mixt,
That thoſe who erſt your honour blaſted, may
Relent, repent, and honour you for aye:
And God who you preſerv'd as Inſtruments,
May you employ to work his high intents.

XXXII.

XXXII.

And as for those distressed sons of Sion,

Clergy.

Who thought the rage,
And the dotage
Of bold sons of rebellion

Had nothing left but sorrow, tears and prayers,
Th' return whereof will doubtless ease their cares:
Let them thus gaining their desires, enlarge
Their thoughts, to serve him in their holie charge:
Who from his Throne hath thus sent down to raise
Them from their sorrows, & from them gain praise.

XXXIII.

You antient Gentry and Plebeians all,

Gentry and Commons.

Who in this scene
Actors have been,
And in this fall

Of Monarchy, wrought by a divided State,
Have seen your Interests shrewdly fluctuate
Henceforth (by change) no more addicted be,
To wrong your selves, and your posterity.

XXXIV.

London. And thou arm'd *London*, henceforth know thy Lord,

Thine earthly guide,
Whom heavens provide
To work this great accord

And be no more like horſe who too well fed,
Breaks bit and reins, and laſt his Maſters head:
Who Kings refuſe, and Subjects ſcorn to be,
Shall ſerve as ſlaves to ruthleſs Tyranny.

XXXV.

'Twas not, *O London*, it was not thy ſelf

Which thus did act
In Rebels fact
No, 'twas a wicked elf

Sent from grim *Pluto* thee for to deceive,
Thy body dead with ſtupor to enlive,
Elſe *Gurney* had a *Walworth* ſhew'd himſelf,
And cruſht in th' egg that bold rebellious elf.

Full

XXXVI.

Full oft, alas! alas! full oft we know't,

Thy Carcaſs dead,
Its feeble head
Did lift again, as though it,

As though it would it ſelf erect again,
That furious hag t' expell did it enthral:
But here till now that power it could attain
From Tyrant-bondage which could it recall.

XXXVII.

Swell not in pride, O *London*, 'cauſe his Throne,

Thy Soveraign
Hath once again
On thee beſtown.

For God who late with thine own rods did beat thee,
If any more thou ſin he did but threat thee.
Thy after-Judgements will declare, though thou
Thy ſtrength to many thouſands more than now,
Thou ſhouldſt increaſe, for his leaſt wrath can foil,
Kingdomes at pleaſures, and them give to ſpoil.

XXXVIII.

Yet ſith thou haſt of late thy fealty ſhown,

Making the cauſe
Of King and Lawes
Become thine own.

My Muſe to heaven ſhall mount to fetch down bliſs,
For thee and thine, that what was done amiſs,
May be no more remembred, but thou loyal
Mayeſt bleſſed be with thy dear Soveraign royal.

XXXIX.

London-Batchelors, thoſe who ſent over ſo much gold unto the King.

And for thy noble Youth, who with pure Ore,

Their late brave acts,
And noble facts
Have guilded ore.

Let them in happie Records ere remain,
And Guerdons of their loyaltie obtain;
That after-Ages recounting their ſtorie,
By their example may ſeek to win glorie.

You

XL.

You thundring Engines which to rubbish break

Like Glass the Rocks,
And with your knocks,
Sad ruine speak.

May you be dumb a thousand years from hence,
Condemn'd to rust through constrained silence,
And you keen hacsters prone to blood and wars,
No more with Christians, but with *Turk* have jarrs.

XLI.

You Christian Princes who have thus preserved

For us a Jewel
From the cruel fierc'd
Rage that would have

With the same strok the branch, that stem destroy'd,
And us the twigs thereby full sore annoy'd:
That fill'd with violence by a murdering hand,
This sore afflicted and divided land.

May

*x*LII.

May you heavens bleſſing numberleſs enjoy,

Whereby you may
Be kept for ay
From all ſuch dire annoy,

'Cauſe you your Charity did mak t' exceed,
Your State deſignes, and in a vertuous meed
Permitted not opinions difference
Of mild compaſſion to bereave your ſenſe.

*x*LIII.

We are your Debtors, who have loyal been,

And by the rage
Of frantique age,
Much miſery have ſeen;

To pay the Tribute of a prayer for you,
Who did to ours and us compaſſion ſhow,
That heaven may henceforth bleſs you with increaſe
Of truth in Church, in State an happy peace.

You

*x*LIV.

You winged Choriſters exalt your layes

To him who thus,
Is gracious
And with your praiſe,

Your City fill, the New *Jeruſalem*,
'Cauſe in that curiouſly congeſted gem,
The Church hath peace, and in this trampled earth,
She peace injoyes, that fills her heart with mirth.

*x*LV.

Your golden pinions ſpread and cleave the sky,

To us deſcend,
And in the end
With joyfull extaſie

Our ſtupid ſenſes fill, and heavenly mirth,
For lo, there's peace in heaven, there's peace on earth;
There's joy in each, let each advance their layes,
To ſing to God due hymnes of Thanks and praiſe.

Your

XLVI.

Your warbling tongues with *Hallelujah* fill,

And let the Air
Of Muſick rare
Compoſ'd and voices ſhril

Within our ears breath ſuch celeſtial ſongs
That who ſo hears the warbling of thoſe tongues,
Amaz'd may ſtand, and raviſht with that mirth,
May ſing there's peace in heaven, there's peace in (earth.

XLVII.

Let Mountains alſo which are ſteep and high,

Shew ſignes of mirth,
And ore this earth
In equal meaſure flie.

Let leſſer hills, and woods, reſounding beames,
Bow down their heads, & kiſs the neigl bring ſtreams.
Let peace and love exalt your key of mirth, (earth.
For now there's peace in heaven, there's peace in

Thou

XLVIII.

Thou holy Church, who was erſt while forlorn,

With triumph ſing
To heavens King,
Who doth exalt thy horn,

Thy ſacred Anthems, and thy hymns of praiſe:
Chant forth again, and on thy lowder keyes
Thine Organs touch to ſound heavens Roundelayes,
Which light reſtor'd to theſe our darker dayes.

XLIX.

For they who late thy quiet reſt diſturb'd,

And lilly breaſt
Have cut and ſlaſht,
Themſelves are ſhrewdly
(curb'd.

Thoſe ravenous Foxes which did bring annoy
Unto thy vineyard, and bereav'd thy joy,
Are taken in a ſpringe, an't doth appear
Thy ſpouſe, although he ſeemed not to hear
Thy hearty-moan, nor yet thy tears to ſee,
But ſeem'd to ſleep, and help deny to thee.

L.

Yet ſee, he gracious heard thy mournfull prayer;

But let thee weep
As if a ſleep,
For weeping makes thee fair;

And day moſt welcome is when dreary night
A while hath rob'd us of our cheerfull light.
The Church muſt conquer ere ſhe gets the prize,
But there's no Conqueſt where's no enemies.

LI.

What man amongſt us is ſo dull of ſenſe,

As when the cloud
Thoſe beams do ſhroud,
Which the Suns excel-
(lence

Doth dart abroad, ſtreight entertains belief
There is no ſun; and ſith preſent relief
Come, not forthwith; that faith is weak that thinks,
There's no Redemption from ffell dangers brinks.

Gods

LII.

Gods promiſe binds to help, but yet to ſee

Men ſue to him
From dangers grim
To ſet them free

He loves, and as the mother muſt abide
Tormenting throes ere from her whom there glide
Her joyfull birth; even ſo muſt we endure
Sorrow and grief before thoſe joyes are ſure
We do enjoy: But at the laſt with heaven,
Peace we attain, and peace on earth is given.

LIII.

Or elſe your Tools of ſlaughter, wounds and woe

To till and prune,
And put in tune
The Carriage & the plow

Convert, and let no more through you be heard
Within our ſtreet the noiſe of War (ſo fear'd
By Peace Well-wiſhers) that henceforth in fine
Th' induſtrious may in peace ſit under's vine.

LIV.

As for thoſe Saints who Sions Prophets fed,

(When well nigh loſt)
And at their coſt,
And give them bread,

Let double bleſſings on their heads remain,
And their expence return with double gain
Of temporal bliſs; and after glory great,
With Joyes eternal bleſſed and repleat.

LV.

And now let's not recount paſt faults, ſith we

Muſt now no more
Whats done before
Tell to poſterity.

Nor yet each other crimes upbraid, ſith all
Have had our ſhare in ſinning, great and ſmall.
Some under Mask of reaſon Juſtice reaving,
Some kindling up ſedition, footſteps leaving
Of open treaſon, all apt to accuſe,
But few forſake their ſins, and new paths chuſe.

Some

LVI.

Some in the hoods of holineſs them vail'd,

And made Gods name
Slave of their ſhame
Whilſt they aſſail'd

Their King and Kingdome, holding nothing holy
Which did not tend to th' advance of their follie,
Under this vizard rape, murder and treaſon,
To act ſecurely ſuited with their reaſon.

LVII.

But now this vail is rent, and th' rudeſt know

Their hot devotion
Did hunt promotion,
And that juſt now

It doth appear theſe *Nimrods* ſought not God,
But how themſelves might ſway the ruling rod,
Enrich their Coffers, vengeance take on thoſe
Who either by Law or Arms them did oppoſe.

What

LVIII.

What ſcandal is it to our dayes that we ,

That worthy name
Did ſo defame ;
And as for [illegible]

A mark did make it , and if any wiſe ,
Or loyal were, their bodies a ſacrifice
We made, and gave to Tyrant-Lords the Crown ;
(O ruthleſs ſinners !) Murdering our own.

LXIX.

'Tis not ſo much the waſte which wars have made ,

That I bemoan
With many a groan ,
As that thy glories laid

Full low, O *England*, by this Parricide ,
Made a King-killer more than all beſide ,
Yea murders paſ'd for piety, and wrong
For juſt attain'd poſſeſſion, whilſt each tongue
That bellow'd out Rebellion was admir'd,
And Rage to the ſeat of equity aſpir'd.

But

LX.

But ſith theſe wrongs are paſt, let concord now

Our hearts unite
That no deſpite
Our union diſavow,

For if we longer ſhould theſe Realms divide
A part allotting unto every ſide,
Though now they ſeem to breath a little peart,
Our ſins would work us a relapſe I fear't.

LXI.

O how uncomly are theſe vaſt diviſions,

whilſt that one Chriſt
Is cut and ſlic't
Into ſuch partitions,

Turks though their Law doth moſt of lyes conſiſt,
Confirm'd in their vain fopperies, perſiſt;
But we find doubts, whence ſchiſm enſues, while one,
Will nought believe, another will not b' outgone
In Creed by any: another Creeds too ſhort,
Each makes his Church (rather his ſect) apart.

Put

LXII.

Put off (dear *Britain*) secret gall and grudge,

And all keen stings
Of revengeful things,
For if equal you judge,

Peace to proclaim to all, first in your heart
It must be printed, then must each his part
Act for to shew we serve one Royal Lord,
Wherein (for Gods sake) let us all accord.

LXIII.

O how it wounds to see those Christless Turks

With standards hight
In Christ despite
Mounting the Christian
(works,

Whilst striving, Christians do each other slay,
(Each other weakning) plain for them the way,
And is't for heaven? O No! it is for gain:
This they may get: others will that obtain.

May

LXIV.

May theſe ſelf-jarrings turn their ſtream awhile

'Gainſt Chriſt his foes,
Who him oppoſe,
And Chriſtians ſpoil ;

So ſhall their rage abate, and cruel bands
Be looſed from poor Chriſtians arms and hands :
Thus by diverting our inteſtine Quarrels,
'Gainſt common Foe we ſhall regain our Lawrels.

LXV.

Thou mighty Judge, who from the heavenly throne

Beholdeſt all
who on this ball
Have any manſion ;

Look on us with an eye of pitty, Lord,
And never ſuffer more flames of diſcord
Our State for to conſume but grant we may
In Truth and peace perſiſt untill the day
Of Doom, that ſo each race henceforth alwayes
For ſo great favours may advance thy praiſe.

Deo Gloria

THE HYMNE FOR THIS OCCASION.

I.

WHat praiſes do we Mortals ow
To him who now
Our hearts with joyfull praiſe hath fill'd

And expectation
Of peace that may yield
Comfort to our Nation.

With a triumphant wreath of bleſſedneſs.

II.

O lets with Muſick's ſound and voice
Now rejoyce,
With thanks to God the King of Kings,
Who all things
To th' beſt diſpoſeth, and hath broke
The cruel yoke
Of Tyrants Lords at laſt,
And given us hopes of happineſs.

III.

Thee, therefore, Lord, we humbly pray,
That we may
Not thee a judge, but Father kind
Hereafter find.

Let Sions foes a judge thee rather
Feel than a Father.

Chorus.

That we with voice elated may,
Prayſing thee, ſing Hallelujah.

Amen.